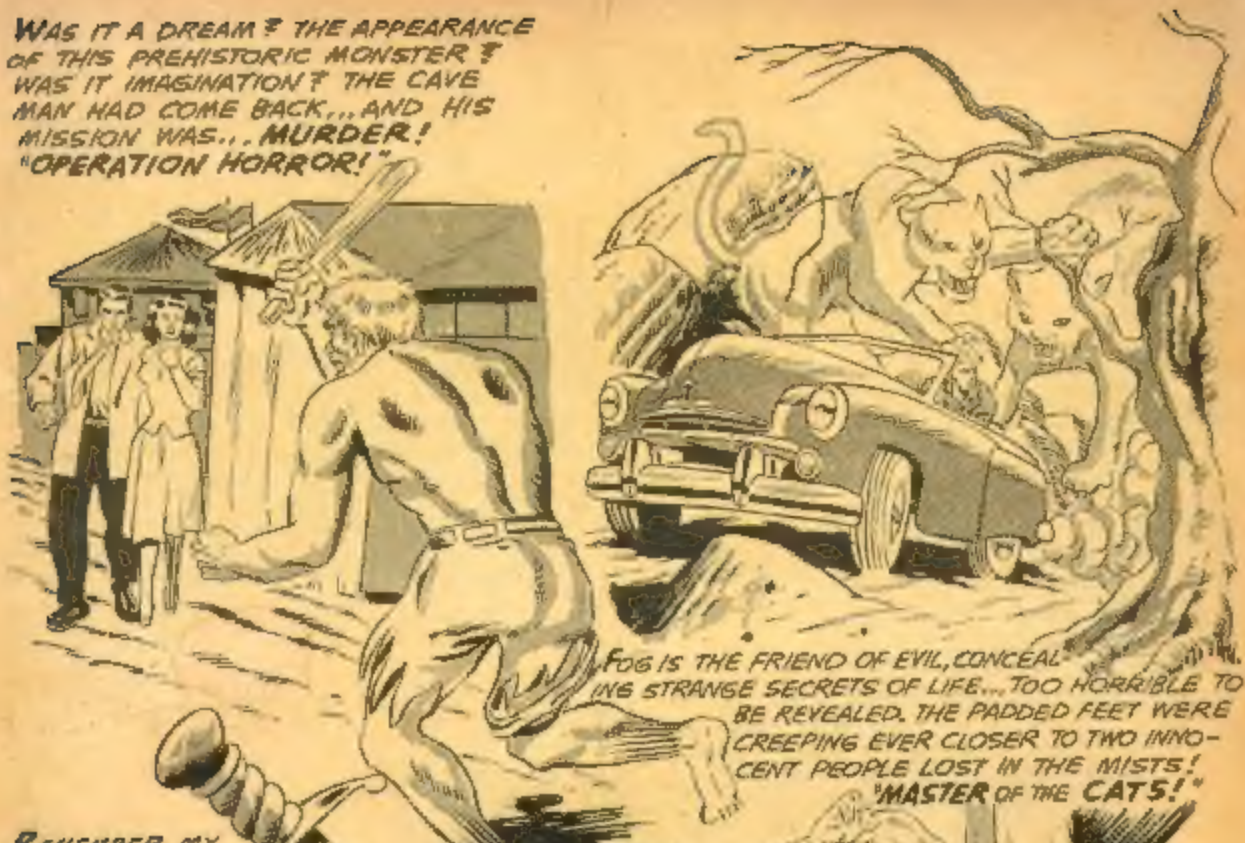
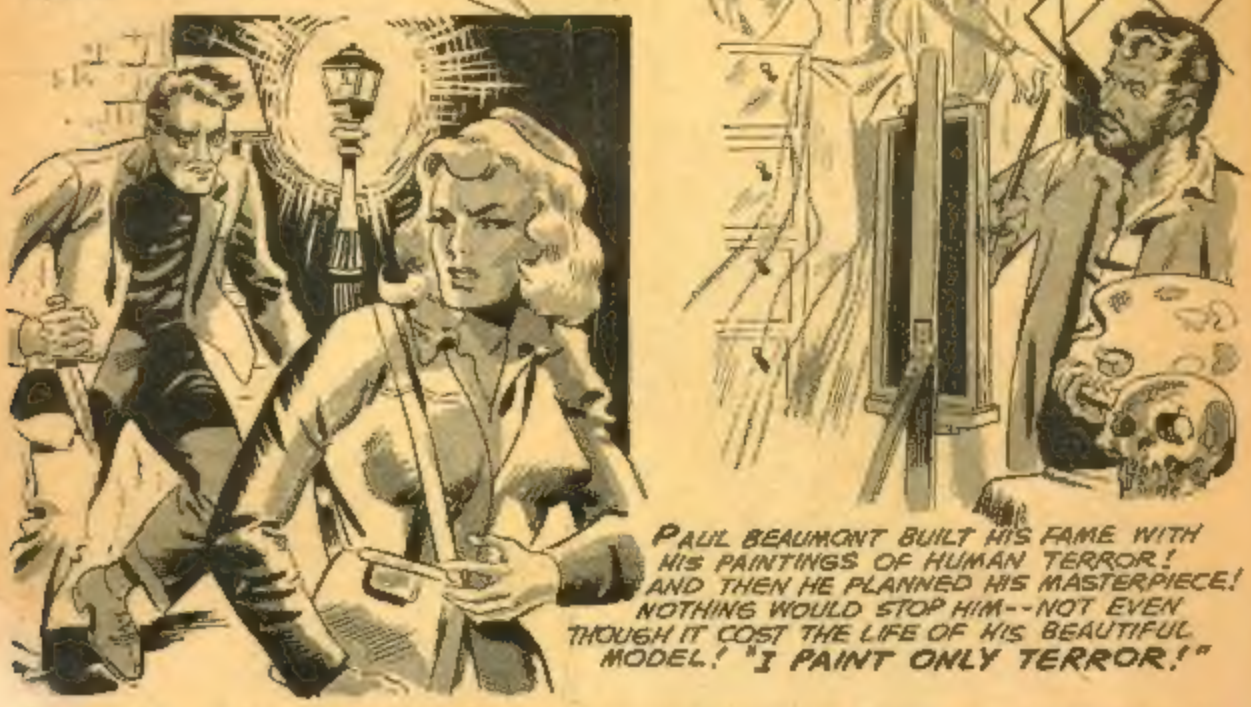
TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!
AVON PUBLICATION
10c
No.5
ANC
EERIE
OPERATION HORROR
MASTER of the CATS
I PAINTED ONLY TERROR
the KNIFE of JACK the RIPPER

WAS IT A DREAM? THE APPEARANCE OF THIS PREHISTORIC MONSTER? WAS IT IMAGINATION? THE CAVE MAN HAD COME BACK... AND HIS MISSION WAS... MURDER! "OPERATION HORROR!"



FOG IS THE FRIEND OF EVIL, CONCEALING STRANGE SECRETS OF LIFE... TOO HORRIBLE TO BE REVEALED. THE PADDED FEET WERE CREEPING EVER CLOSER TO TWO INNOCENT PEOPLE LOST IN THE MISTS! "MASTER OF THE CATS!"

REMEMBER MY WARNING... MY NEXT VICTIM MAY BE... YOU!! "THE KNIFE OF JACK THE RIPPER!!"



PAUL BEAUMONT BUILT HIS FAME WITH HIS PAINTINGS OF HUMAN TERROR! AND THEN HE PLANNED HIS MASTERPIECE! NOTHING WOULD STOP HIM--NOT EVEN THOUGH IT COST THE LIFE OF HIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL! "I PAINT ONLY TERROR!"

EERIE. February-March, 1952—Vol. 1, Number 5. Published bi-monthly by AVON PERIODICALS, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Joe Meyers, Pres., Sol Cohen, Editor and General Manager. Application for second class entry pending at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. One year subscription in the U.S. 40c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 55c, elsewhere $1.00. Copyright 1951 by Avon Periodicals, Inc. All names in this periodical are entirely fictitious and no identification with actual persons is intended. Printed in U. S. A.

I PAINTED ONLY TERROR!

FASTER! FASTER!
YES! YES, I'LL PAINT IT! THE PICTURE OF A PERSON MORE FRIGHTENED THAN ANYONE HAS BEEN BEFORE! HA! HA! MY MASTERPIECE!

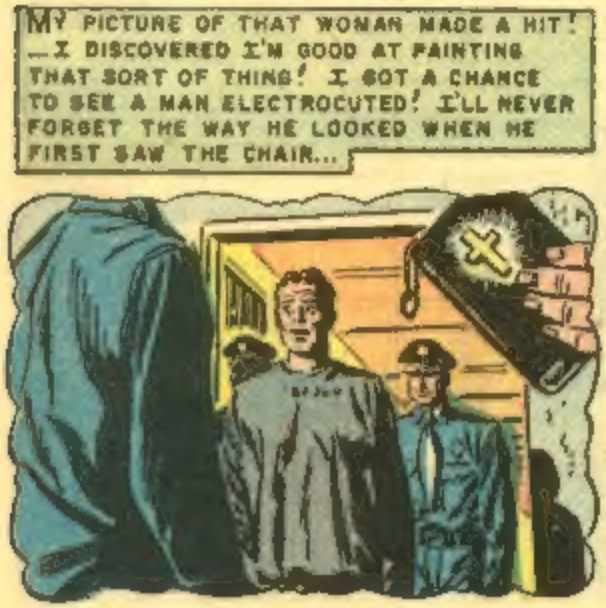
PAUL BEAUMONT BUILT HIS FAME WITH HIS PAINTINGS OF HUMAN TERROR! AND THEN HE PLANNED HIS MASTERPIECE! NOTHING WOULD STOP HIM---NOT EVEN THOUGH IT COST THE LIFE OF HIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL! PAUL BEAUMONT DID NOT KNOW THE GRISLY RETRIBUTION THAT WOULD COME, WHEN HE SAID.....

"I PAINTED ONLY TERROR!"

I CAN'T SLEEP! I HAVE SUCH TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES! DOC, MAYBE YOU KNOW, I'M AN ARTIST! FOR FIVE YEARS NOW I'VE PAINTED ONLY PICTURES OF PEOPLE FRIGHTENED! I'VE BUILT A REPUTATION FOR IT!
I'VE SEEN YOUR PAINTINGS! YOU DEPICT HUMAN TERROR WONDERFULLY!

I ALWAYS LIKED TO STUDY TERROR! IT... IT FASCINATED ME! I REMEMBER THE FIRST PAINTING I DID! I PAINTED A WOMAN'S FACE FROM MEMORY! I WAS IN A CROWD, WATCHING A FIRE! THERE WAS A WOMAN IN A BURNING WINDOW...

HELP! AAIIEEE!


MY PICTURE OF THAT WOMAN MADE A HIT! ...I DISCOVERED I'M GOOD AT PAINTING THAT SORT OF THING! I GOT A CHANCE TO SEE A MAN ELECTROCUTED! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE WAY HE LOOKED WHEN HE FIRST SAW THE CHAIR...

I'VE PAINTED HUNDREDS OF THAT KIND OF PICTURE! I'M FAMOUS! BUT, DOC... I'M GETTING TOO NERVOUS! DOC, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

FEAR IS COMMUNICABLE! YOU'VE DABBLED IN IT TOO MUCH! I'D ADVISE YOU TO GIVE UP PAINTING THINGS LIKE THAT! TRY PAINTING PRETTY FARM SCENES... A RIVER! BIRDS IN THE TREES!
DOC, ARE YOU CRAZY?

ME, PAINT THINGS LIKE THAT? HA! HA! THAT'S FUNNY! WHY... I PAINT ONLY TERROR!
YOU HAD BETTER STOP BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, MR. BEAUMONT!

OKAY, DOC, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO RIGHT HOME AND PAINT A PICTURE OF MAMA BIRD FEEDING LITTLE BABY BIRD! GOOD IDEA! THANKS FOR THE ADVICE! HA! HA!
2

BACK AT HOME, THAT EVENING...
THAT DOC THINKS I'M CRAZY! HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH!

...BUT HE'S RIGHT, IT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO--I'LL PAINT JUST ONE SUPREME MASTERPIECE! IT'LL BRING ME FAME ALL OVER THE WORLD!

...NOW WHAT I'LL NEED IS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL MODEL! I'LL TELL HER NOTHING! THEN I'LL FRIGHTEN HER—OH, I'LL FRIGHTEN HER, ALL RIGHT! HA! HA!...

PAUL BEAUMONT LIVED IN A SUBURBAN COTTAGE, WITH HIS ELDERLY HOUSEKEEPER! BUT THE OLD WOMAN WAS AWAY THIS WEEK! HE MADE HIS DIABOLICAL PREPARATIONS!
...MY HIGH-SPEED CAMERA, HIDDEN! WHEN I GET HER REALLY FRIGHTENED, IT'LL SNAP A CLOSEUP OF HER FACE!...

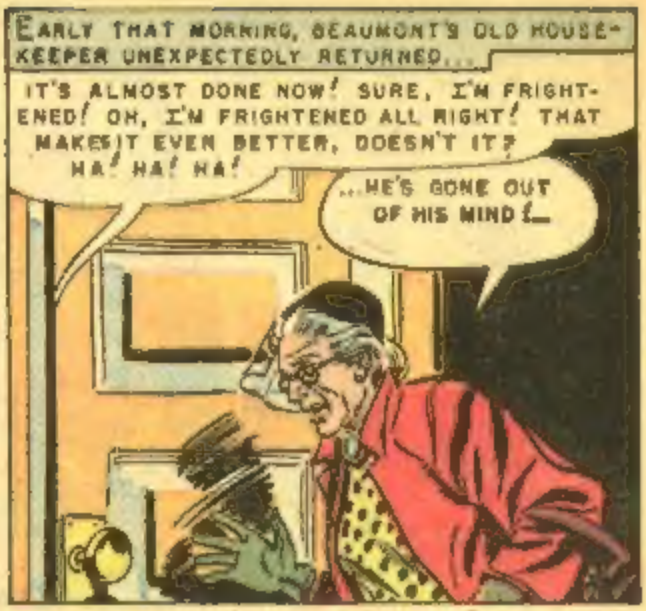
...I'LL HAVE THAT SNAPSHOT OF HOW SHE LOOKS, AS TERRIFIED AS ANYBODY CAN BE! THEN I'LL PAINT FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH! HA! HA! I'LL PUT THE AD IN TOMORROW!

...I'M SURE SICK OF WORKIN' IN THE FIVE AN' TEN! I'M GOOD LOOKIN', WHY COULDN'T I BE A MODEL?
3

BOX 4321
MODEL WANTED. GOOD PAY. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. APPLY TO JOHN ALLEN, 250 RIVER ROAD.
THAT LOOKS GOOD! I'LL TRY IT!
THAT SAME EVENING...
...LOOKS SORTA LIKE--A HAUNTED HOUSE! OH, WELL--!
YOU SAW MY AD? COME IN, MY DEAR!
T-THANK YOU!
IT SEEMED SIMPLE ENOUGH-POSING FOR AN ARTIST WHO WANTED TO PAINT HER PICTURE!
YES, I THINK THAT YOU WILL DO! WE'LL START NOW! YOU'LL FIND YOUR COSTUME IN THE DRESSING ROOM!
OH! ALL RIGHT, SIR!
AND PRESENTLY...
I'M READY, MR. BEAUMONT!
OH, GOOD! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!
TO THE UNSUSPECTING GIRL IT WAS A GRISLY, A TERRIBLE SHOCK! SHE STOOD TRANSFIXED, WITH THE BLOOD DRAINING FROM HER FACE AND HER HEART RACING!
AAAAAAIIE!
GRRRR!
GRRR!...
NOW MY CAMERA WILL PHOTOGRAPH HER FACE! OH, SHE'S FRIGHTENED ALL RIGHT!
4

THEN, SUDDENLY, BEAUMONT FELT HER GO LIMP IN HIS GRIP! HE DID NOT REALIZE WHAT HAD HAPPENED! HE WAS LAUGHING WILDLY WITH EXCITEMENT AS HIS CAMERA CLICKED...
...GOT IT! JUST PERFECT...
AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...
WHY—SHE'S DEAD! I FRIGHTENED HER TO DEATH!
THE ULTIMATE OF HUMAN TERROR! TRIUMPH SURGED IN BEAUMONT! HE BURIED THE BODY OF LITTLE MAISE GREEN OUT IN THE DARK, LONELY WOODS NEAR HIS COTTAGE...
NOW I'LL DEVELOP THE PHOTOGRAPH AND PAINT MY MASTERPIECE FROM IT!
IN THE LITTLE DARK ROOM IN HIS CELLAR
IT'S COMING OUT PERFECT... THAT GIRL SAID SHE WAS NEW IN TOWN—NO FAMILY—NO FRIENDS—NO ONE WILL EVEN MISS HER!
AT MIDNIGHT HE WAS READY! BUT, SUDDENLY...
WHA—?! NO! NO—IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD AND BURIED! I'M JUST IMAGINING THINGS!
DEAD—YES! BUT YOU'VE GOT YOUR MASTERPIECE TO PAINT! REMEMBER?
PAINT IT! PAINT IT! YOU WANT A PICTURE OF HUMAN TERROR? GO ON, PAINT IT!
YES, OF COURSE I WILL! MY MASTERPIECE! HA! NOBODY WILL EVER PAINT A PICTURE OF TERROR LIKE THIS ONE!
5

THE HOURS PASSED...THROUGH THE NIGHT... AND WHEN THE DAWN CAME...
DON'T STOP, I TELL YOU! KEEP GOING! YOUR MASTERPIECE, REMEMBER?
YES! HA! HA! IT'S PERFECT!


EARLY THAT MORNING, BEAUMONT'S OLD HOUSEKEEPER UNEXPECTEDLY RETURNED...
IT'S ALMOST DONE NOW! SURE, I'M FRIGHTENED! OH, I'M FRIGHTENED ALL RIGHT! THAT MAKES IT EVEN BETTER, DOESN'T IT? HA! HA! HA!
...HE'S GONE OUT OF HIS MIND!

THE STUDIO DOOR WAS LOCKED. AFTER A MOMENT, THE OLD WOMAN RAN FOR THE POLICE! AND...
IT'S ALL FINISHED! HA! HA!...
WE BETTER BREAK DOWN THE DOOR, CLANCY!
YEAH!

THEN THERE WAS A CRASH INSIDE THE STUDIO, AND AS THE POLICENEN BROKE THE DOOR...
MR. BEAUMONT! OHHH...

HE'S DEAD!
HEY, LOOK AT THIS! HE SAT BEFORE THE MIRROR, PAINTING!

HIS SUPREME MASTERPIECE...AS HE SAT BEFORE THE MIRROR! HIS...SELF-PORTRAIT!

Here it is fellas! send for it NOW!

THE GREATEST RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!

Fun...Thrills...Action see special coupon offer!

This Christmas be one of the many lucky boys to get a set of realistic Lionel Trains. Here's how — start now by getting this thrilling, fun-filled 36-page Lionel catalogue in full color. It's complete with trains, accessories and track layout ideas. Show the trains you want to dad, ma . . . everybody. Send coupon for catalogue, plus a 5½" double-faced phonograph record* of steam train and Diesel sound effects. Plus 10 full-color realistic billboards. Do it now, see Lionel Trains — world's finest for over 50 years — in the catalogue, hear them in action on this wonderful record. Write for this big special offer now, or see catalogue at your dealer's.

*Plays on all 78 RPM phonographs except some fixed spindle or automatic changers.

SPECIAL COUPON OFFER
ALL FOR 25¢
See all the Lionel Trains and accessories in Catalogue
HEAR Bells... whistles... horns... on this railroad sound effects record.
DU PONT ANTI-FREEZE
NEW PLYMOUTH
TEN FULL-COLOR BILLBOARDS

LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 341
Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y.

I enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue offer, postage prepaid.

1. The new 36-page full-color Lionel catalogue.
2. The new 5½" double-faced record of whistles, bells, railroad sound effects and Diesel horns.
3. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

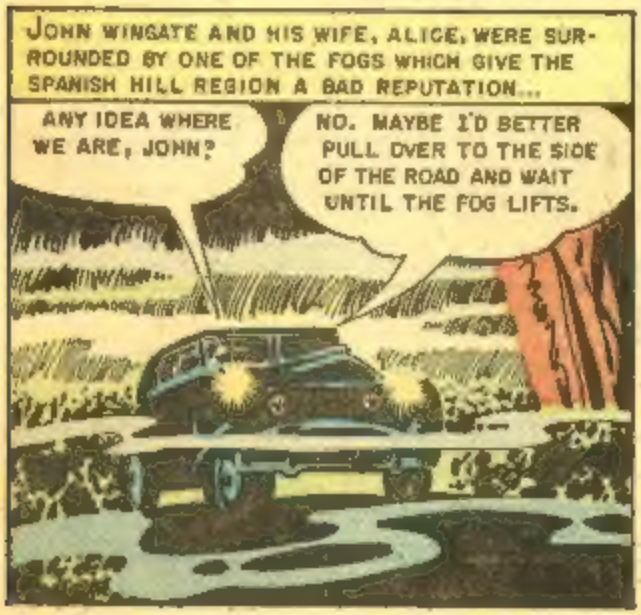
Name _____

Address _____

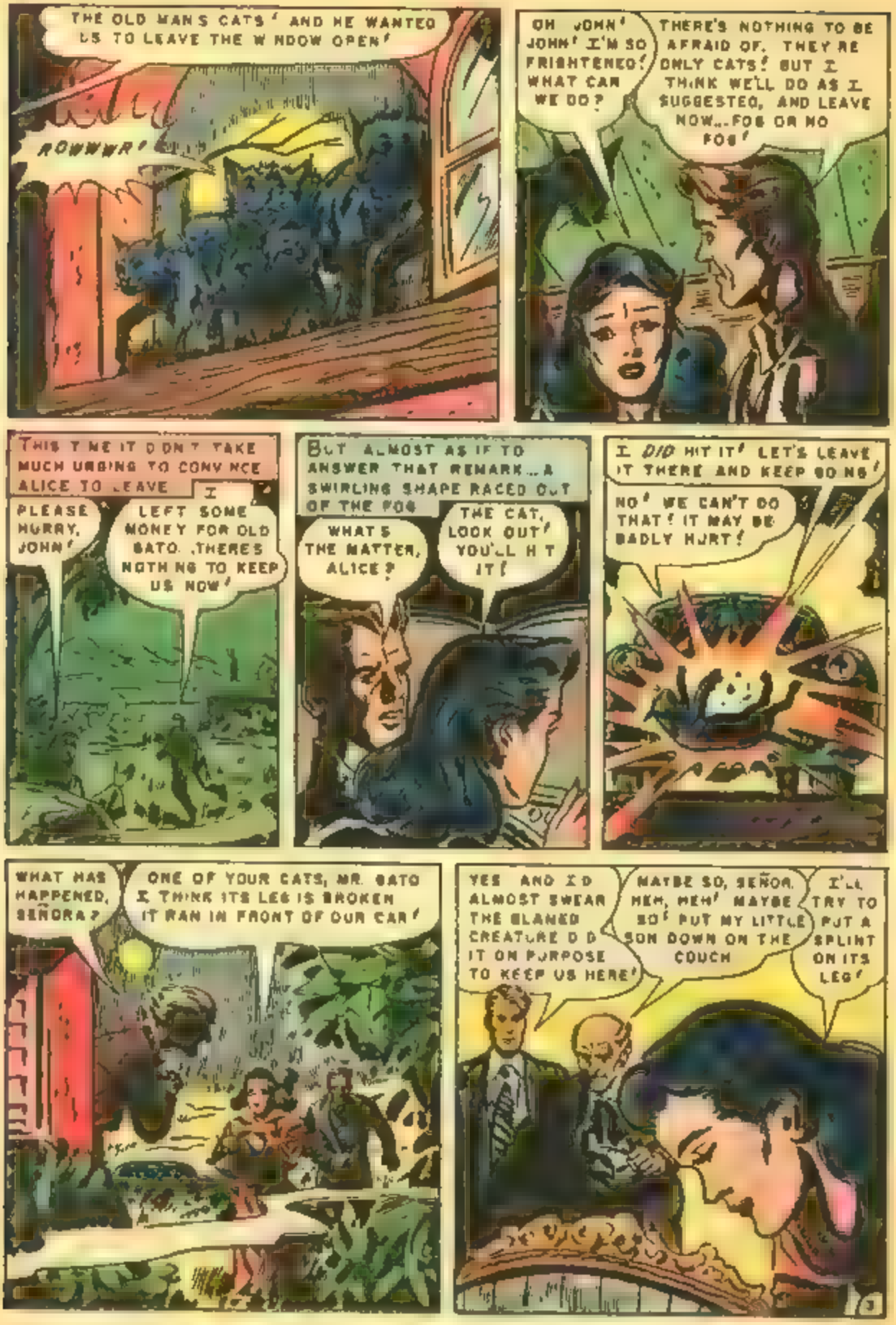
City _____ State _____

MASTER of the CATS!

STAY AWAY FROM ME!
FOG IS THE FRIEND OF EVIL, CONCEALING STRANGE SECRETS OF LIFE...TOO HORRIBLE TO BE REVEALED! THE PADDED FEET WERE CREEPING EVER CLOSER TO TWO INNOCENT PEOPLE, LOST IN THE SWIRLING MISTS...AND TOTALLY UNAWARE! THERE WAS NOTHING TO WARN THEM THAT THEY WERE FACE TO FACE WITH TERROR WHEN THEY MET... THE MASTER OF THE CATS!


JOHN WINGATE AND HIS WIFE, ALICE, WERE SURROUNDED BY ONE OF THE FOGS WHICH GIVE THE SPANISH HILL REGION A BAD REPUTATION...
ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE, JOHN?
NO. MAYBE I'D BETTER PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND WAIT UNTIL THE FOG LIFTS.

THEY APPROACHED AN OLD COTTAGE WHICH TOOK SHAPE IN THE FOG, AND KNOCKED HESITANTLY ON THE DOOR
EXCUSE ME, SIR. WE WERE LOST IN THE FOG ..AND
SI. I KNOW COME IN' I AM ALWAYS UH GLAD TO WELCOME TRAVELLERS'
OH.. WHAT BEAUTIFUL CATS! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FOND OF THEM'
THEY LIKE YOU, TOO, SEÑORA. THEY'RE MY FAMILY, YOU KNOW
SEÑOR SATO, AS HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF, SHOWED THEM TO A SMALL BEDROOM OFF TO ONE SIDE..
THIS WILL BE YOUR ROOM. MAYBE YOU HAD BETTER OPEN A WINDOW!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH'
I'M SURE WE'LL BE COMFORTABLE
SOMETHING WAS TELLING JOHN WINGATE TO RUN
ALICE, I DON'T LIKE THIS...LET'S NOT STAY
IT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE CATS! WHY GIVE UP A NICE, WARM PLACE LIKE THIS?
JOHN FINALLY AGREED THAT HIS FEARS WERE GROUNDLESS, AND THE TIRED TRAVELERS WENT RIGHT TO SLEEP..
THEN SUDDENLY
JOHN! JOHN' AIEEEEE'
WH..WHAT IS IT?
LOOK, THE WINDOW'
GOOD LORD!
2


THE OLD MAN'S CATS! AND HE WANTED US TO LEAVE THE WINDOW OPEN!
ROWWWR!
OH JOHN! JOHN! I'M SO FRIGHTENED! WHAT CAN WE DO?
THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. THEY'RE ONLY CATS! BUT I THINK WE'LL DO AS I SUGGESTED, AND LEAVE NOW...FOG OR NO FOG!
THIS TIME IT DON'T TAKE MUCH URGING TO CONVINCE ALICE TO LEAVE
PLEASE HURRY, JOHN!
I LEFT SOME MONEY FOR OLD SATO. THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP US NOW!
BUT ALMOST AS IF TO ANSWER THAT REMARK...A SWIRLING SHAPE RACED OUT OF THE FOG
WHAT'S THE MATTER, ALICE?
THE CAT, LOOK OUT! YOU'LL HIT IT!
I DID HIT IT! LET'S LEAVE IT THERE AND KEEP GOING!
NO! WE CAN'T DO THAT! IT MAY BE BADLY HURT!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED, SEÑORA?
ONE OF YOUR CATS, MR. SATO I THINK ITS LEG IS BROKEN IT RAN IN FRONT OF OUR CAR!
YES AND I'D ALMOST SWEAR THE BLAMED CREATURE DID IT ON PURPOSE TO KEEP US HERE!
MAYBE SO, SEÑOR. HEH, HEH! MAYBE SO! PUT MY LITTLE SON DOWN ON THE COUCH
I'LL TRY TO PUT A SPLINT ON ITS LEG!
3

IT WAS THEN THAT A SCREAM OF PAIN FILLED THE ROOM. AS THE INJURED CAT MOVED UNEXPECTEDLY
OHHHH!
ALICE!
MY THROAT! HE... B T... ME
DARLING!
BR NG HER N HERE SEÑOR THIS ROOM HAS BEEN READY AND WA TING!
JOHN PUT ALICE TO BED AND SAT UP TO WATCH OVER HER HIS EYES GRADUALLY CLOSED W TH THE FATIGUE OF THE LONG DAY, BUT SLEEP D D NOT LAST LONG
'WHAT!
OH OHHH R-O-W-W-W!
THE CATS ARE IN HERE! WHERE
BUT FEAR TOUCHED JOHN'S HEART AS HE REALIZED NO CATS WERE THERE TO MAKE THE SOUND
Y YES I I... MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING. IT WAS HORR BLE I THOUGHT I WAS A... OH, JOHN ..IT'S SO FRIGHTENING!
ALICE! ALICE! WAKE UP! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
JOHN STAYED AWAKE THE REST OF THE NIGHT, SITTING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED...
WHY, JOHN, IT'S MORNING
YES, DEAR... AND YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING SINCE . S NCE... WAIT... I'LL GET YOU SOME BREAKFAST
OH I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COMPANY
COMPANY? NONSENSE, SEÑOR! TH S IS MY FAMILY MY SONS I WAS SURE YOU HAD MET THEM ONLY, ONE IS MISSING TODAY... HE HAD A BROKEN LEG!
THE THOUGHT THAT RAN THROUGH JOHN W.N-GATE'S BRA N ALMOST MADE HIM DOUBT H S SANITY. AND YET HE HAD TO ASK...
A BROKEN LEG? HOW... HOW ARE YOUR CATS
VERY HAPPY, SEÑOR. THEY HAVE BEEN LONELY S.NCE THEIR SISTER D ED A MONTH AGO BUT I DO NOT THINK THEY WILL BE LONELY ANY MORE
4

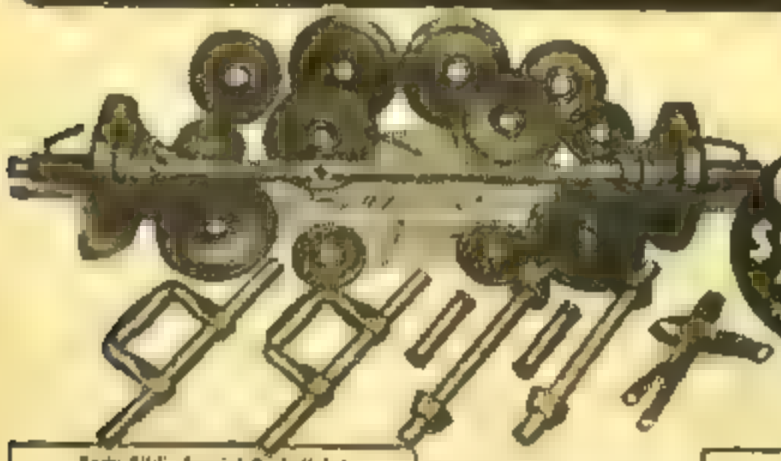
THAT SENTENCE RE-ECHOED IN JOHN'S BRAIN ALL THROUGH THE LONG DAY. THEN AT NIGHT, WITH THE FOG STILL THICK, A SUDDEN CRY FROM HIS WIFE DREW HIM TO THE BEDROOM..
THE CATS! THE CATS! THE CA-A-A-A-A-
ALICE! I'M HERE!
SHE...SCRATCHED ME! I'LL HAVE TO GET THE OLD MAN TO HELP HOLD HER DOWN.
ARGHHH!
AS JOHN RACED OUT OF THE ROOM, ALICE OR WHAT HAD BEEN ALICE, LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE SOME GREAT WHITE CAT, HOPPED OUT OF THE BED
ALICE! ALICE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THE FOG SWALLOWED UP ALICE'S FIGURE AS IF SHE HAD STEPPED INTO THE MOUTH OF SOME GREAT MONSTER
FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, ALICE, WHERE ARE YOU?
YOU WILL NEVER FIND HER, SENOR. SHE IS IN THE FOG...JOINING MY FAMILY!
CRAZY IDIOT! I'LL USE THE CAR TO LOOK FOR HER! THE HEADLIGHTS MIGHT PENETRATE THIS BLASTED FOG!
WINGATE'S JARRED NERVES ALMOST MADE HIM SCREAM WITH TERROR, AS A STRANGE FORM HURTLED OUT OF THE DARKNESS, WHINING PITEOUSLY...
WHAT'S THAT? ANOTHER CAT?
MOWRR!
3

JOHN S REACTION WAS IMMEDIATE... AND WITHOUT THOUGHT...
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU FILTHY BEAST!
BUT THE GREAT CAT WAS NOT EASILY D SCOURAGED. IT RACED ALONG BESIDE THE CAR, WHINING CONT NUOUSLY..
WON'T GIVE UP, WILL YOU? SEE HOW YOU LIKE...
TO JOHN W NGATE, THIS STRANGE CAT WAS A SYMBOL OF ALL THE EV L THAT HAD COME UPON HIM THAT NIGHT. HE SWERVED THE WHEEL, HEAD NG RIGHT FOR THE WH N NG ANIMAL.
...THIS!
GOOD LORD, SOUNDED MORE LIKE I HIT A TREE STUMP THAN A CAT! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!
EVEN AT THIS MOMENT, THE FULL HORROR OF THE SITUATION D D NOT F LLY PENETRATE THE HALF-CRAZED BRAIN.
ALICE! YOU! I HIT YOU! I THOUGHT I HIT A CAT!
YOU.. O D! I...WAS... TH...
DEAD! AND I KILLED HER! I MUST GO BACK TO THE HOUSE! I MUST GET HELP!
BUT IT IS A HOPELESS TASK... THIS SEARCH! TRY AS HE MIGHT, JOHN W NGATE WAS NEVER ABLE TO FIND THE MASTER OF THE CATS AGAIN.
MR. GATO! MR. GATO!
6

THE PROVED WAY TO BUILD MUSCLES OF STEEL!

Barbell training — that's the answer! No other type of exercise can build your muscles bigger or faster than the correct use of barbells. Thousands and thousands of young men all over the country are finding that barbell exercise gives them magnificent physiques in a few short weeks. You too, can be powerful, can build muscles of steel. Try the PROVED way to gain massive strength and a dynamic body — order your "BODY-BILD" barbells now—the equipment used by many champions!

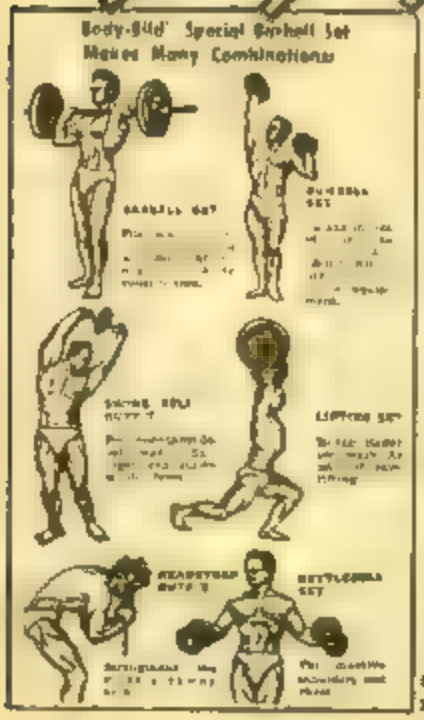
"BODY-BILD" SPECIAL 41-PC. BARBELL SET



ONLY $23.95

GIVEN! Picture Book of Instructions

This wonderful picture book of instructions gives you the secrets of many years of experience in barbell training. Shows you how to build your chest, biceps, shoulders, back, arms, legs, abdomen, etc. Many pictures. Given free with your order.



"BODY-BILD" Barbells and Dumbells are the best made equipment money can buy at prices that are lower. FREE Interior Guards. Will fit you to the BODY-BILD set you order. You will be surprised at the precision finish, the handsome pleasing appearance of each piece. BODY-BILD is made to last a lifetime. Should due to misuse or broken conditions prove needed, spare parts are available at all times. Also mechanical defects will be made good. Our guarantee of 100% Satisfaction or your money back. Our prices are low and terms easy.

SPECIAL OFFER 41-PC. 115-Lb. BARBELL SET

(shown above) Consists of

1 — [illegible] bar	2 — [illegible] bars
6 — Spring collars	2 — [illegible] bars
2 — Easy lift clips	2 — Wrist curl bars
2 — [illegible] plates	2 — [illegible] bars
4 — [illegible] plates	2 — [illegible] bars
8 — [illegible] plates	1 — Handle bar
8 — [illegible] plates	1 — Bar collar

All Prices F.O.B. Factory Hanover Pa.

Dealers' Inquiries Invited

BODY-BILD BARBELL CO. Dept 1101
26 East 46th Street, New York 19

Other "Body-Bild" Barbell Sets As Low As $12.95

3.	50 lb.	Dumbell Set	$ 6.95
3.	80 lb.	Barbell Set	12.95
4.	90 lb.	Barbell Set	14.95
5	100 lb.	Barbell Set	20.95
6	110 lb.	Barbell Set	27.95
7	150 lb.	Barbell Set	31.95
8.	200 lb.	Barbell Set	41.95
9	300 lb.	Barbell Set	49.95

MAIL COUPON TODAY AND BE ON YOUR WAY TO A DYNAMIC POWERFUL, MUSCULAR BODY!

BODY-BILD BARBELL CO. Dept 1101
26 East 46th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose [illegible] Rush me Body-Bild Set No. [illegible] Include my Picture Book of Instructions. (At least 1/3 down payment required with C.O.D. orders. Freight charges to be paid by customer.)

AGE [illegible] WEIGHT [illegible] HEIGHT [illegible]

NAME [illegible]

ADDRESS [illegible]

CITY [illegible] STATE [illegible]

THE CELLAR OF BLOOD!

The world believes that Heinrich Himmler killed himself when he was finally captured. But the Army of Occupation Intelligence has heard a different story. We heard that the man who died was a double, and that Himmler actually had suicided in hiding and was secretly buried by his storm troop comrades. We had been searching for his burial place for some time — to learn the facts, for Himmler had been the foulest murderer in the world's history — six million had been the number of his innocent victims.

A captain, I had been attracted by a strange story told at one of our hospitals. Several men had been placed under restraint there. They had all been on guard duty near the old castle Aldenweir. Each had been found raving crazy in the morning ...and the name of Himmler had been mentioned in their ravings.

After listening to some of them I took a jeep and drove out to that partly ruined castle. The sun was setting. It was ancient, gloomy, forbidding. Darkness was falling as I entered, and my search-light barely illuminated a small area of the damp ruins. Groping black doorways ..... slimy worn steps....., the whirr of bats was all about me! I heard a strange sound from below.

I descended the stairs that led down into the dungeon cellar. They twisted eerily and were treacherously steep. At the bottom, I found myself treading in something wet. I flashed my light down and saw that the floor of the old basement was covered with something sticky and moist. I heard the noise again; it seemed like a choking sort of screaming. A faint reddish light shone.

Towards it I made my way slowly, my feet sucking deeper into the muck of the floor. An odor as of a butcher shop assailed my nostrils. I saw something coming towards me, stopped, called. There was no answer, only a sickly dripping sound and the choking. Then, around a pillar, it came into view.

It was a man, swollen, bloated, ten feet tall! It was greenish and monstrous. It was tailed and horned and scaly. Its face, distorted though it was, was that of the unspeakable Himmler! From every pore, from fingers and toes and torso, blood was dripping! It was blood, I realized, that covered the floor. Blood that flowed from this monster! The horror moved forwards towards me, groping, dripping, gurgling!

I stood there, transfixed with terror. I screamed, then turned and fought my way out of that castle, my feet slipping and sliding in a sea of gore.

Next day I recovered enough to call in a crew of G.I. engineers. They dug in that basement, covered with dried red scum, and they turned up the body of a man — of Heinrich Himmler. He had been buried there. They burned that body in a bonfire outside the castle.

What I had seen was the ghost of the greatest fiend that had ever lived in all the ten thousand tortured years of history. Dead though he was, he was doomed to wallow in that ocean of blood he had caused to flow. Burned, his ashes scattered, Himmler's ghost would walk no more!

the KNIFE of JACK the RIPPER!

I AM SENDING YOU THIS STORY IN THE HOPES THAT SOMEHOW YOU WILL FIND ME! I AM A DEADLY MENACE! I AM THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN KILLING MEN AND WOMEN IN THE DARK ALLEYS OF YOUR CITY

THIS MANUSCRIPT CAME IN UNSOLICITED TO YOUR EDITOR. WE PRESENT IT HERE — AS A WARNING TO THOSE WHO MAY MEET THE MAN WHO CARRIES — THE *KNIFE OF JACK THE RIPPER!*

I WAS NOT ALWAYS A HOMICIDAL MANIAC. THAT IS THE *KNIFE'S* FAULT! IT BEGAN MONTHS AGO, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG CARPENTER DOING ODD JOBS AROUND THE TOWN.

I SAW A KNIFE IN A NEARBY PAWN SHOP. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT CAUGHT AND HELD MY EYES...

TAKE IT FOR A QUARTER! IT'S BAD FOR BUSINESS! FOLKS ARE AFRAID OF IT!

IT ISN'T THE KIND OF KNIFE I NEED... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT APPEALS TO ME!

A SHOCK RAN UP MY ARMS AND INTO MY BRAIN WHEN I TOOK THAT KNIFE IN MY HANDS! IT SEEMED TO SQUIRM AS IF IT WERE *ALIVE!*

ALMOST AS IF IT WAS TRYING TO *TELL* ME SOMETHING!

I HAD TO HAVE THAT KNIFE! I TOSSED A QUARTER ON THE COUNTER AND RAN OUT WITH IT, HIDING IT UNDER MY SHIRT!

CAN'T LET ANYBODY SEE IT! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WANTS TO TELL ME.

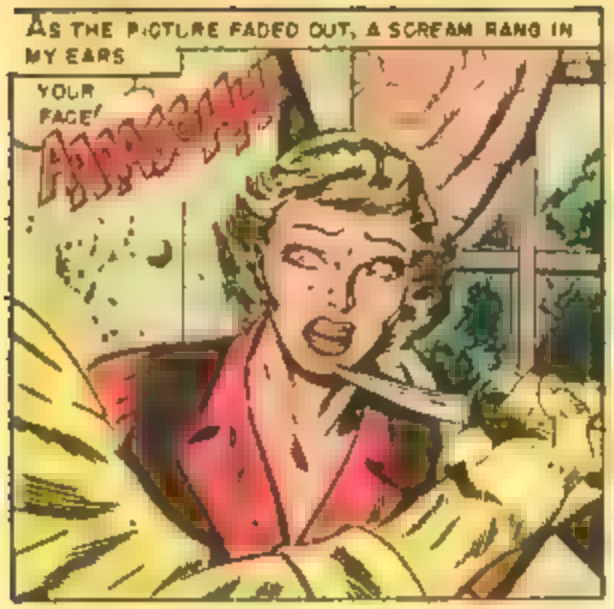
BACK AT THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BUILDING SOME KITCHEN CABINETS, I TOOK IT OUT TO WHITTLE A DOLL-PIN, AND

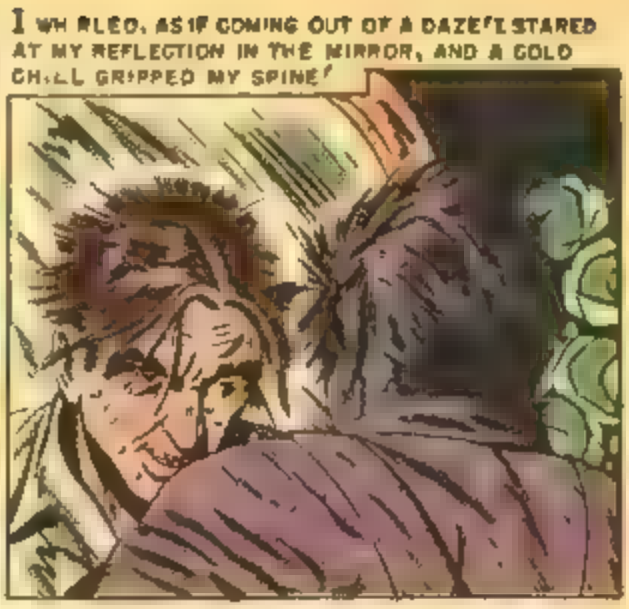
WHY, IT'S ALMOST AS IF I CAN SEE A SORT OF PICTURE WHEN I HOLD IT! A PICTURE OF A LONDON FOG, AND A MAN WALKING, FOLLOWING A WOMAN....

LONDON, 1888. A FOGGY STREET. A WOMAN WALKING IN THE NIGHT... A MAN, BEHIND HER...!

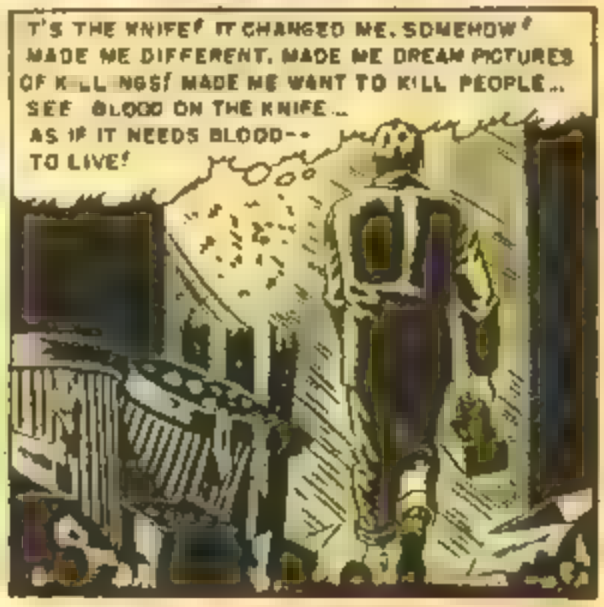
A HAND REACHING OUT IN THE FOG. A WOMAN SCREAMING...

THAT KNIFE I SAW IN MY MIND'S EYE... DRIPPING WITH A WOMAN'S BLOOD WAS THE KNIFE I HELD IN MY HANDS! THE KNIFE OF THE DREAD, DEADLY— *JACK THE RIPPER!*


AS THE PICTURE FADED OUT, A SCREAM RANG IN MY EARS
YOUR FACE!
AHHHH!!


I WHEELED, AS IF COMING OUT OF A DAZE! I STARED AT MY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR, AND A COLD CHILL GRIPPED MY SPINE!

AND THEN SANITY TOOK OVER! I RUBBED MY HANDS ACROSS MY EYES AND STAGGERED OUT MUMBLING.
DON'T BOTHER TO COME BACK I'LL G-GET SOME ONE ELSE TO FINISH THE JOB
I-I'M SORRY I--I GUESS I'M SICK OR-- SOMETHING!


IT'S THE KNIFE! IT CHANGED ME, SOMEHOW! MADE ME DIFFERENT, MADE ME DREAM PICTURES OF KILLINGS! MADE ME WANT TO KILL PEOPLE... SEE BLOOD ON THE KNIFE... AS IF IT NEEDS BLOOD-- TO LIVE!

I PUT THE KNIFE AWAY AND TRIED TO FORGET IT BUT AS THE MOON ROSE INTO THE SKY
GOT TO WRAP MY FINGERS AROUND IT.. FEEL IT WRIGGLE --SEE THOSE PICTURES AGAIN!

MAKES ME WANT TO LEARN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO KILL SOMEBODY, HEAR SOMEONE SCREAM IN FEAR! TO KNOW SHE'S AFRAID OF ME AND MY KNIFE..

FOR HOURS I CROUCHED IN THE STILL NIGHT, WAITING SUDDENLY I HEARD THE TAP-TAPPING OF HIGH HEELS
TAP TAP
TAP TAP
TAP

I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF! THE KNIFE MADE ME LEAP OUT OF THE SHADOWS WHERE I HID
I.. OOHHH!
DON'T BE AFRAID... IT WON'T HURT! THIS KNIFE KNOWS HOW TO KILL INSTANTLY, QUICKLY! STOP SCREAMING
YOU LITTLE FOOL... HOLD STILL!
NO...NO.. PLEASE! DON'T KILL ME..!
SUDDENLY, THE KNIFE SEEMED TO MOVE OF ITS OWN POWER, AS IF IT SAW AN OPENING AND TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT!
IT STABBED HER... BY ITSELF!
I STARED DOWN, MY BREATH SOBBING IN MY THROAT. I HAD NOT WANTED TO KILL HER OR HAD I?
I DON'T KNOW! DID I DO IT.. OR DID THE KNIFE?
I'M AFRAID! AFRAID! THE POLICE WILL FIND ME AND PUT ME IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! BUT IF... IF I GET RID OF THE KNIFE.. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ABOUT ME!
I STOOD ON THE BANK OF THE EAST RIVER AND THREW THE KNIFE
THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT! IT'LL SINK IN THE RIVER! THEN I'LL BE FREE OF ITS EVIL INFLUENCE..!

BUT AS I TURNED TO RUN A VOICE HAILED ME FROM THE RIVER WATERS.
HEY,YOU! YOU DROPPED YOUR KNIFE! IT FELL ON MY DECK. HERE, I'LL TOSS IT TO YOU!
IT CAME TWISTING AND TURNING THROUGH THE AIR TO FALL AT MY FEET I KNEW THEN THAT THE KNIFE OF JACK THE RIPPER WAS NEVER GOING TO LET ME OUT OF ITS CLUTCHES
IT WAS USELESS TO FIGHT ANY MORE ...THE KNIFE HAD ME IN ITS GRIP! I KILLED, AND KILLED AGAIN!
IT MIGHT BE A WAITRESS WHO SERVED ME MY FOOD LATE AT NIGHT.
SHE WORKS UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT I'LL GO TO A MOVIE AND THEN FOLLOW HER HOME!
SHE'LL NEVER GO HOME-- NOW!
AGAIN, IT WAS A SWITCH-BOARD OPERATOR WHO WORKED UNTIL THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.
8

ONCE I CORNERED A WOMAN IN AN EVENING GOWN! HOW GOOD IT WAS TO SEE HER EYES WIDEN IN FEAR, TO LISTEN TO HER SHRIEK IN TERROR...
YOU CAME INTO THESE SLUMS FOR A THRILL! HERE'S THE BIGGEST THRILL OF ALL...DEATH!
ONE NIGHT, A JANITOR SAW ME AND STARTED TO RUN FOR HELP
HELP! POLICE! HELP! I'VE FOUND THE KNIFE KILLER!
YOU FOOL! SHUT UP!
ALWAYS AS THIS LUST TO KILL CAME OVER ME, AS I REACHED FOR THE KNIFE, MY HEART TWISTED INSIDE ME...
I DON'T WANT TO KILL! THE KNIFE IS MAKING ME!
AND SO I WRITE THIS LETTER MAYBE BY PUBLISHING THIS STORY.. MY STORY AND THE STORY OF THE KNIFE OF JACK THE RIPPER.. THE POLICE WILL CATCH ME!
YOU MAKE ME KILL! THE EVIL IS INSIDE YOU! I'M NOT GOING TO, NOT ANY MORE! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME NOT AGAIN.. NO NO
BUT IT ALWAYS WINDS UP THE SAME WAY
REMEMBER MY WARNING! CALL THE POLICE! REMEMBER MY NEXT VICTIM MAY BE..
YOU!

Have Fun! Thrills! Romance!

Anyone Can Learn to Dance

Square Dancing

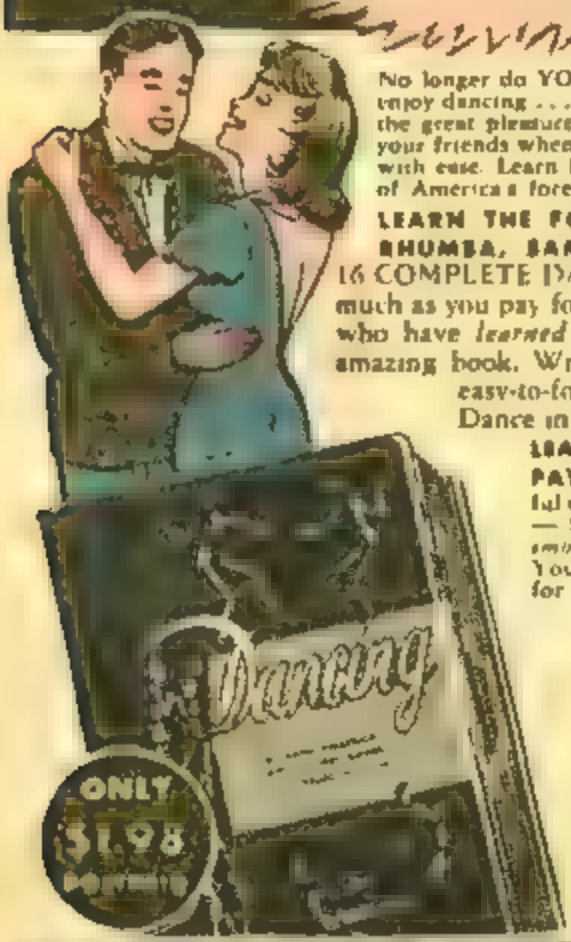
Samba

Waltz

Rhumba

Jitterbug

Why put off learning to Dance—NOW Here's a much EASIER WAY than YOU ever SAW!



No longer do YOU have to sit and watch while others enjoy dancing . . . NOW you can *join the fun!* Think of the great pleasure You'll get SURPRISE and AMAZE your friends when they see you *do the latest dance steps* with ease. Learn from simple lessons by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost dance authorities.

LEARN THE FOX TROT, COUNTRY DANCES, RHUMBA, SAMBA, CALL SQUARE DANCES! 16 COMPLETE DANCE COURSES—each worth as much as you pay for the entire book. Join thousands who have *learned to dance* with the help of *this* amazing book. Written in simple language full of easy-to-follow illustrations—You Learn to Dance in the *Privacy of Your Own Home.*

LEARN TO DANCE IN 5 DAYS OR PAY NOTHING . . . Here's a wonderful offer. Test this exciting book 5 days — See how it can help *you become a smooth dancer* and be admired. Yes, You *Dance in 5 Days* or return book for prompt refund of purchase price.

If You Can Do This Step — You Can Dance In 5 Days!

Here's how this exciting book can help you become a smooth dancer. It's full of easy to follow diagrams and instructions

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS INC. Dept 5412M
1790 Broadway, New York 19 N Y

Please rush my copy of *Dancing* in plain wrapper. If I am not satisfied, I may return book in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

☐ Send C O D I'll pay postman $1.98 plus postage.*
☐ I enclose $1.98, you pay postage.
Same guarantee applies.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

LEARN THE FOX TROT, COUNTRY DANCES, RHUMBA, SAMBA, CALL SQUARE DANCES

THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER

TENANT OF THE LOST PYRAMID!

Dr. Vetry turned to me, smiled enigmatically, and went on with his remarks. "And so now that we are here at last, here in the lost valley in Egypt, so far beyond what we call civilization, I want to tell you more of what we expect to find."

I leaned on my pick, watched him. Beside us loomed the strange featureless brick wall of the Lost Pyramid, soaring up vast and time-yellowed against the grey rocky walls of that hidden valley. Our tents stood alone and forlorn in the sandy wastes that filled the valley's basin. For miles, in all directions, we were alone — our guides far away, just the three of us here. There was the fanatical time-lined face of the world-famous Egyptologist; a man who had spent decades in the curse-laden pastime of robbing the tombs of ancient pharaohs, of despoiling the buried temples of forgotten demon-gods.

There was his daughter, Vera, young, lovely, just out of college, her face still sparkling with the zest of youth on its first adventure. Finally, there was myself, young enough to appreciate the novelty of this strange work, honored by my role of assistant to the great archeologist.

"I have told you how I found the parchment which told of the whereabouts of this Lost Pyramid. It was clutched in the withered hands of a sacrificed priest of Anubis. I have told you that it gave specific instructions for finding this unmapped valley and its most secret of tombs. What I did not tell you was that it spoke of the nature of this pyramid's great secret. Anubis, you know, was the mystery god of Ancient Egypt, the god of its Hell. This tomb was his most guarded mystery — for it contains the terrible secret of Eternal Life. In this parchment, it is termed the 'Life-in-Death'."

I stared up at the pyramid before which we toiled. It had been featureless when we had found it, with only the piled dust of ages obscuring its base. Now we had found the stone door which had been hidden beneath that dust. We had pried it open, and in the small stone antechamber beyond, we had found only the usual trappings of the ancients — carved funeral masks, crumbling clay, clay statues of the monster-headed gods of the Elder Dynasties, the grey mummies of sacred cats — and another inner door set at the end of a dark, bare passage leading into the very heart of the pyramid.

Dr. Vetry clutched my hand with the grip of one obsessed. "I have reason to believe that within this tomb there is sleeping a man who is not dead. He was a priest of Anubis — they called him the Mad Priest. He dared to challenge his horrible god's dominion over the Region of the Dead — and as a result he was condemned — to Eternal Life! He lies somewhere *beyond that door*, waiting to rise and

walk again at the call of pulsing blood!"

That very morning we had planted a small explosive charge in the corner of that innermost door. Not too much, but just enough to break the aged seals that held it tight. Now Dr. Vetry took the switch that attached to the detonation wire, glanced once again at the connections, and placed it in Vera's hand. "You must be the one to press it," he said. "Not that it would matter, perhaps, but the parchment said that the door must be opened by a woman. After all, it is a small thing for us to do to oblige the ancients."

Vera took the switch, her eyes alight but troubled. She turned to us. "Surely you cannot really believe that wild story? You cannot really think that a man can be kept alive, in a state of drugged sleep, for over five thousand years?"

Dr. Vetry smiled his weird smile. "Who knows, my dear? Though I suppose we shall only find another mummy — yet, it may be a curious secret."

Vera pressed the switch. There was a muffled boom, and a cloud of grey smoke and dust welled out of the opening in the pyramid. We all coughed and sneezed. Gradually the pall of smoke began to settle, but a cloud of it still hung wispily in the unlit passageway that led into the depths of the structure.

"We'll have to wait for it to clear away," I said, trying to pierce the hanging, swirling smoke. Then I gasped, held my breath, listened. We heard something, we all heard it, deep within the pyramid. There was a crumbling sound, then a swishing noise, then — yes, then — footsteps! Foot falls!

Slow, painful, halting. The doctor's face went pale. Vera stared, started slowly forward as if hypnotized by the eerie sounds. I raised my pick, fearfully held it as if waiting.

Then, from the mouth of the ancient Lost Pyramid, through the grey dust swirls, came a figure. It emerged into the harsh North African sun, walking slowly, creakily, towards Vera.

It was a man, a mummy. Its body, which had been wrapped in a browning funeral shroud, in strips of incense-soaked linen such as was used to wrap the dead, was showing itself as the time-rotted cloth shredded away. A greyish, dead flesh, a body which had been slowly drying for a hundred generations, was now appearing. The head was no skeleton, but that of a man, of a man who had laid entrapped beyond the beginning of time. Flesh, bare flesh; against sharp bone. His eyes shone green and hungry. His yellowing cracked teeth were bared, and his bone-thin hands were raised before him, raised to clutch at the life that had been so long denied him.

Vera screamed. The mummy moved on towards her. Dr. Vetry fell down on his knees, yelling: "It's true, it's true! The mummy lives! The black power of Anubis still rules!"

But I recovered my senses. I snatched my pick up, dashed forward, and swung the heavy implement.

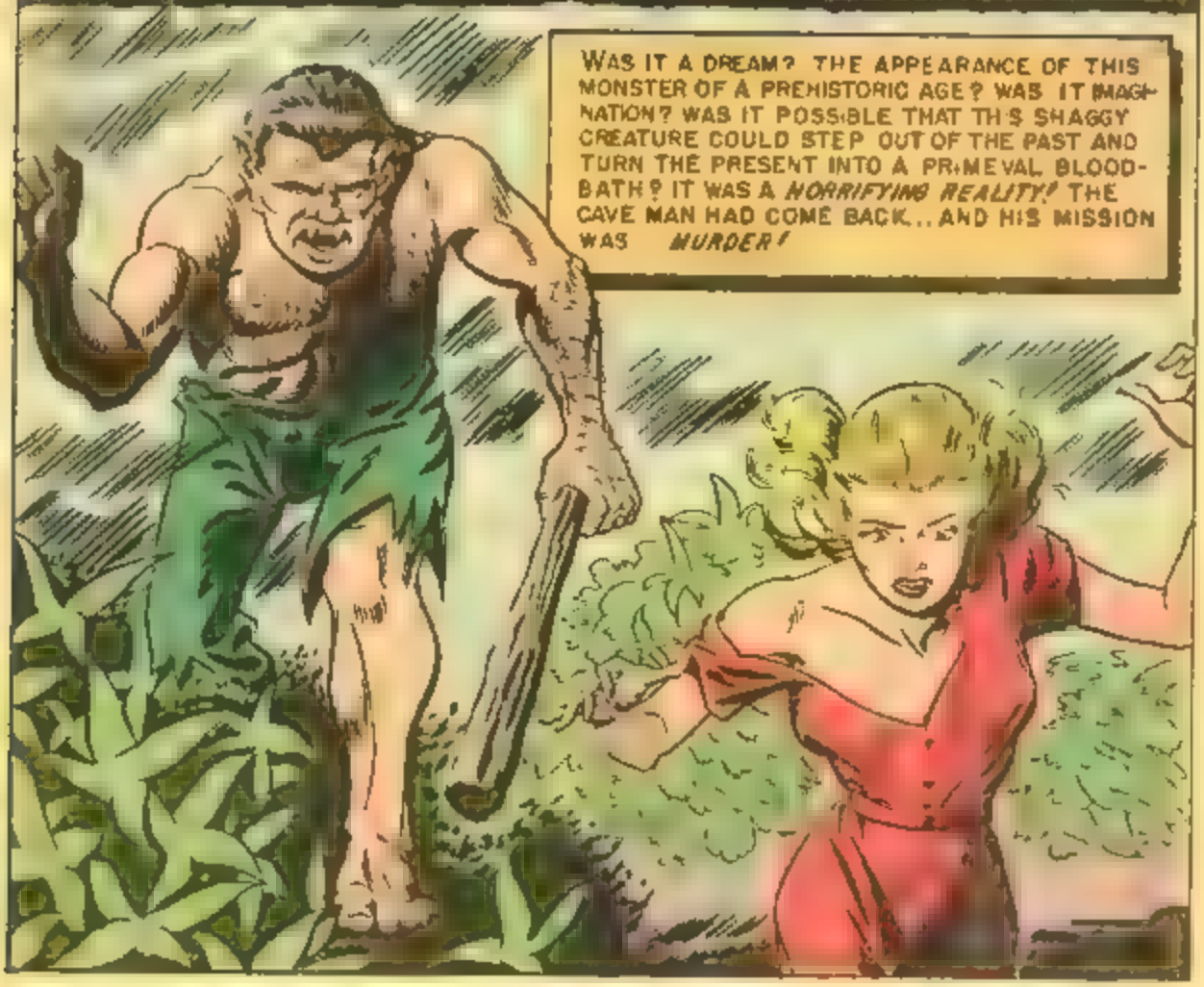
The mummy turned, threw up its hands at me. I smelt a smell of incenses and of the dust that had once tickled the nostrils of a forgotten Pharaoh. I stared into the haunted and hell-lit eyes of a man who should have been dead five thousand years and had refused to die. And my heavy iron pick fell square upon the ancient skull.

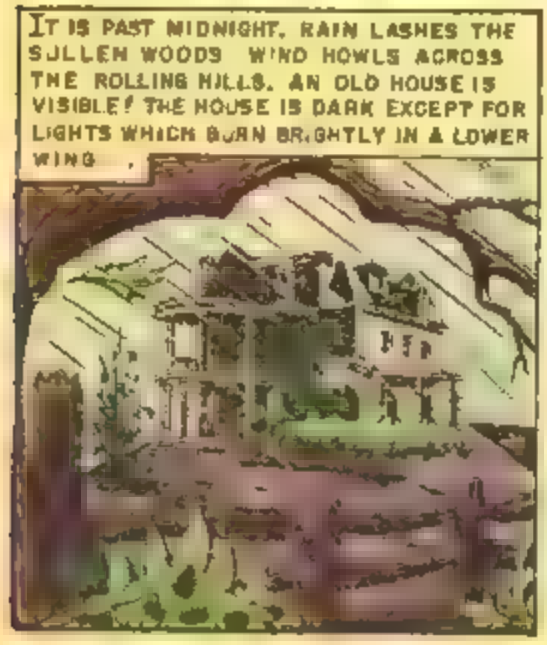
There was a sickening crunch, a moment of dreadful suspension, when the mummy opened his mouth and screamed a scream that reeked of the agonies of a hundred unspeakable tortures. It fell, skull split wide, at my feet.

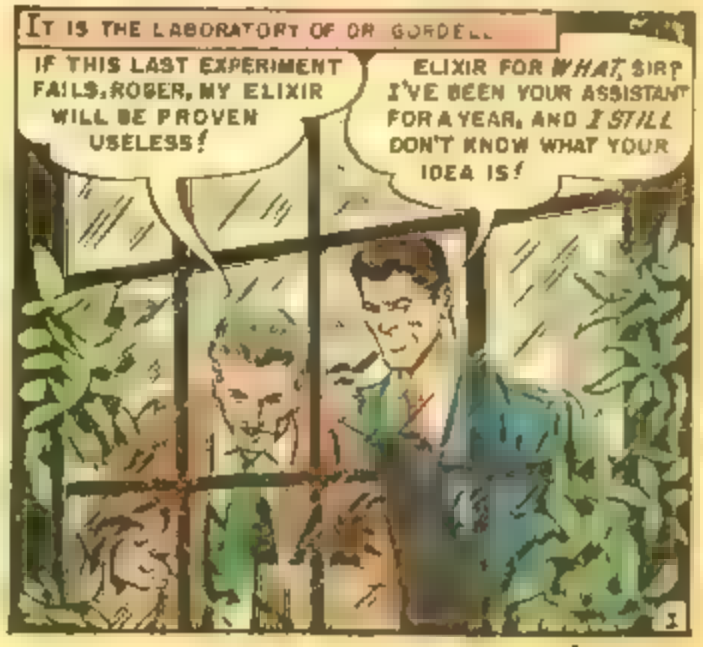
Before our shocked eyes, the thing crumbled into dust, crumbled into a mass of dusty flesh and pocked white bones.

We have recovered, the three of us, and we have sealed off the Lost Pyramid. We have returned to Cairo and to "civilization". But there is a seal of secret upon our lips. In Dr. Vetry's possession there is a parchment, written by a wizard thousands of years dead, which carries a formula for the eternal preservation of life. And I know, though I dare not denounce him, that Dr. Vetry plans to find a new tenant for that ancient tomb. But it is not going to be Vera—or myself. It may, perhaps, be you.

OPERATION HORROR!


WAS IT A DREAM? THE APPEARANCE OF THIS MONSTER OF A PREHISTORIC AGE? WAS IT IMAGINATION? WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT THIS SHAGGY CREATURE COULD STEP OUT OF THE PAST AND TURN THE PRESENT INTO A PRIMEVAL BLOOD-BATH? IT WAS A *HORRIFYING REALITY!* THE CAVE MAN HAD COME BACK... AND HIS MISSION WAS *MURDER!*

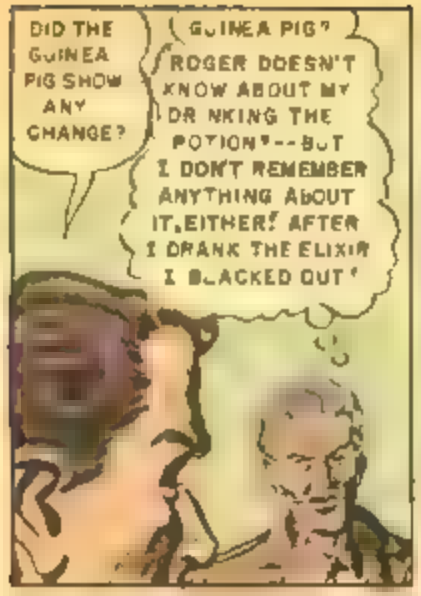

IT IS PAST MIDNIGHT. RAIN LASHES THE SULLEN WOODS WIND HOWLS ACROSS THE ROLLING HILLS. AN OLD HOUSE IS VISIBLE! THE HOUSE IS DARK EXCEPT FOR LIGHTS WHICH BURN BRIGHTLY IN A LOWER WING .


IT IS THE LABORATORY OF DR GORDELL
IF THIS LAST EXPERIMENT FAILS, ROGER, MY ELIXIR WILL BE PROVEN USELESS!
ELIXIR FOR *WHAT*, SIR? I'VE BEEN YOUR ASSISTANT FOR A YEAR, AND *I STILL* DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR IDEA IS!
1

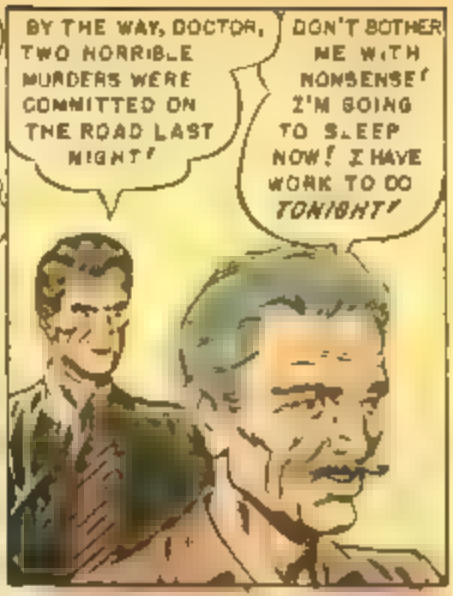
I WISH I COULD TELL YOU, BUT I CAN'T TILL MY EXPERIMENTS SUCCEED!
IT'S TORTURE TO WORK IN THE DARK, NEVER KNOWING WHAT I'M DOING, OR WHY
FAILURE IS THE ONLY TRUE TORTURE, ROGER. PLEASE SET THE CLOCK, AND GO TO BED IT'S PAST TWO
WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHEN WILL YOU REST?
WHEN THE GUINEA PIG EITHER GROWS IN SIZE POWER, AND VICIOUSNESS, OR REMAINS UNAFFECTED, AS HAVE ALL THE OTHER ANIMALS I'VE INJECTED WITH MY ELIXER..
VERY WELL, PROFESSOR. GOOD NIGHT.
IT'S BEDTIME.. SLEEP, PEACE FOR EVERY MAN BUT ME! I, POOR SLAVE, AM CHAINED TO A DREAM... I MUST SUCCEED!
I MUST CREATE AN ELIXIR TO RESTORE THE VIGOR AND POWER MAN HAD IN THE PRIMEVAL ERA.... AND IN TWO HOURS --- I'LL HAVE THE ANSWER!
MEANWHILE, ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE HOUSE...
ROGER ISN'T FATHER GOING TO SLEEP, TOO?
NOT YET, DIANE HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT HE'S WORKING AT! IT MIGHT BE THE WRONG THING, THEN SUCCESS CAN BE A DISASTER!
BUT FATHER IS A SCIENTIST! WOULD HE GIVE HIS LIFE FOR THE PURSUIT OF SOMETHING EVIL?
THE DANGER LIES IN HIS DESPERATE CRAVING FOR SUCCESS! HE MIGHT TRY ANYTHING TO GAIN IT!

BUT WHAT'S HE LOOKING FOR?
IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH BUILDING UP ANIMAL STRENGTH AND POWER IN MAN. BEYOND THAT I KNOW NOTHING.
TWO HOURS LATER, IN DR GORDELL'S LABORATORY
NO SIGN OF ANY REACTION! AGAIN, FAILURE! THE ELIXIR IS CONDEMNED TO REMAIN JUST A DREAM! WHEN MAN COULD BE PROVIDED WITH PRIMEVAL STRENGTH AND HEALTH!
MANY MANS GASP!
THAT'S THE MISTAKE I'VE BEEN MAKING FOR YEARS! TRYING OUT MY ELIXIR ON ANIMALS WHEN IT WAS DESIGNED FOR HUMAN BEINGS!
I MYSELF SHALL BE THE FIRST MAN TO KNOW THE WONDERS OF THIS ELIXIR! I DRINK NOW, TO MANKIND'S BENEFIT!
DR GORDELL SWALLOWS THE MYSTIC POTION. IMMEDIATELY A CHANGE COMES OVER HIS FACE! IT BECOMES BRUTISH, THE TEETH BECOME FANGS, THE HAIR BECOMES LONG AND MATTED.
WITH A GROWL, THE BEAST LUNGES OUT OF THE LABORATORY AND LUMBERS INTO THE NIGHT.

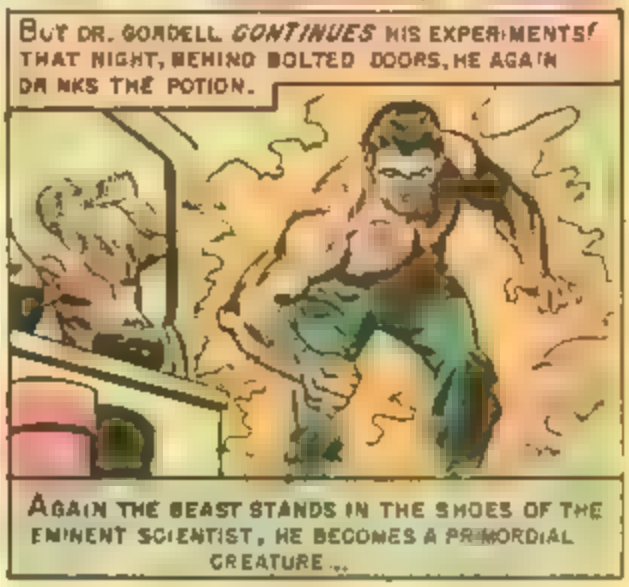
FOR A SHORT TIME, THE CONFUSED BEAST CRASHES ABOUT IN THE WOODS SUDDENLY
GOOD THING WE BROUGHT ANOTHER SPARE, JIM HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
GEORGE, I NEVER SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS BEFORE!
GROWLING SAVAGELY, THE CAVE MAN BRINGS THE CLUB AROUND WITH A SICKENING THUD
IT IT'S A HUMAN GORILLA
INTO THE AIR GOES THE MAN! AS HAIRY FINGERS OF STEEL SQUEEZE HIS LIFE AWAY
THE BEAST TOSSES ITS INERT VICTIM ASIDE BUT PAINS SUDDENLY SHOOT THROUGH THE MONSTER'S BRAIN! HIS VISION BLURS! THE WOODS SWIM BEFORE HIS GAZE
DESPERATELY, THE MONSTER STUMBLES THROUGH THE WOODS BACK TO THE ONLY HOME HE REMEMBERS A BRIGHT, GLASS ENCLOSED CAVE
HE REACHES THE ROOM SUDDENLY, THE GLARING LIGHT SPINS OUT OF VIEW THE BEAST FALLS TO THE FLOOR WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH!
WHEN MORNING LIGHT STREAMS INTO THE LABORATORY, IT GLISTENS ON THE BROKEN GLASS AND SHATTERED APPARATUS
DR GORDELL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
H HELP ME TO MY FEET, ROGER. I...I HAD A DIZZY SPELL...


DID THE GUINEA PIG SHOW ANY CHANGE?
GUINEA PIG? ROGER DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT MY DRINKING THE POTION?--BUT I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT IT, EITHER! AFTER I DRANK THE ELIXIR I BLACKED OUT!

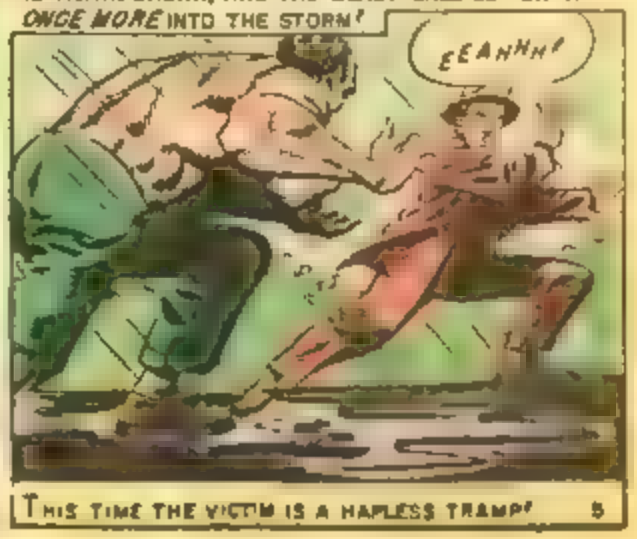
PROFESSOR, DID YOU DRINK ANY OF THIS?
THE GLASS MUST HAVE TUMBLED OVER WHEN I FAINTED!
WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN THE TIME I DRANK THE ELIXIR AND THIS MORNING? I MUST DRINK IT AGAIN TONIGHT AND FIND OUT!


BY THE WAY, DOCTOR, TWO HORRIBLE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED ON THE ROAD LAST NIGHT!
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH NONSENSE! I'M GOING TO SLEEP NOW! I HAVE WORK TO DO TONIGHT!

THAT'S STRANGE! THE WINDOW IS COMPLETELY SMASHED! WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT?


BUT DR. GORDELL CONTINUES HIS EXPERIMENTS! THAT NIGHT, BEHIND BOLTED DOORS, HE AGAIN DRINKS THE POTION.
AGAIN THE BEAST STANDS IN THE SHOES OF THE EMINENT SCIENTIST, HE BECOMES A PRIMORDIAL CREATURE...

AGAIN, NOT FAR FROM DOCTOR GORDELL'S PRIVATE ESTATE, THE KILLER FINDS HIS VICTIM!
BEN, LOOK!
HOLY MACKEREL!


AGAIN THE BEAST LURCHES BACK TO THE LABORATORY. AGAIN AMNESIA DESTROYS THE MEMORY OF THE NIGHT'S EVENTS. SO THE NEXT NIGHT, THE POTION IS AGAIN DRUNK, AND THE BEAST SALLIES FORTH ONCE MORE INTO THE STORM!
EEAHHH!
THIS TIME THE VICTIM IS A HAPLESS TRAMP!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY--
WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME AFTER I SWALLOW THE POTION? I MUST KEEP TEST NG MY REACTIONS!
THE PROFESSOR'S SHOES COVERED WITH MUD! HE WAS OUTSIDE IN THE STORM LAST NIGHT
THAT NIGHT
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DISCOVER TONIGHT, BUT BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST!
ROGER COMING OUT OF THE LABORATORY! IT CAN'T BE FATHER! THIS MAN'S TOO BIG!
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIM!
IT'S THE LUNATIC THE PAPERS ARE TALKING ABOUT! LET'S FOLLOW HIM! MAYBE WE CAN PREVENT ANOTHER TRAGEDY!
THE BEAST, FOLLOWING THE SCENT OF ANIMALS, COMES TO A NEARBY FAIR GROUNDS--SUDDENLY .
ROGER, HE'S COMING FOR US!
QUICK, DIANE! INTO THIS TENT!
NO, HE'S TOO QUICK. WHY DOES HE WANT TO KILL US, ROGER?
KILLING IS THE DEEPEST INSTINCT OF HIS VICIOUS NATURE! WAIT! LOOK AT THE GORILLA CAGE! THE SIGHT OF THE CAVE MAN HAS EXCITED THE APE TO SUPER STRENGTH! HE'S BREAKING THROUGH THE BARS!
IN A FLASH THE TWO MONSTERS ARE LOCKED IN TIME-WORN CONFLICT -- THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!
WHO'S WINNING, ROGER?
NEITHER! THEY'LL FIGHT TO THE DEATH! THEY'LL KILL EACH OTHER!
ROBER DORNE IS RIGHT. BOTH BEASTS PERISH. BUT AS THE CAVE MAN DRAWS HIS LAST BREATH, HIS FACE AND FORM CHANGE!
IT'S FATHER! (SOB) OH, HOW DID HE EVER BECOME THAT?
THE POTION, DIANE. IT TRANSFORMED YOUR FATHER INTO A CAVE MAN!
THAT NIGHT, ROGER DORNE SPILLED OUT THE REST OF THE ELIXIR... "EXPERIMENT HORROR" WAS FINISHED. SO WAS THE MAN WHO DARED TO TAMPER WITH THE SECRETS OF NATURE!

WIN POWER OVER MEN with these COMPELLING PERFUMES!

Do You Want to Make Men OBEY YOU?

Do you want to make him love you wildly, dorgely? Do you want to make him say, "Darling, I adore you. I worship you. I'll do ANYTHING for You!" Do you want to make him OBEY your every command? Then use CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume) to help you CONTROL Men. One woman told me that CHEZ-ELLE is the STRONGEST perfume she ever used. Another woman told us that she blesses the day she first used CHEZ-ELLE, because now her husband comes home at night to help her.

Just send me your name and address and I will rush a Trial Bottle of CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume) to you. When the postman delivers CHEZ-ELLE in a plain package, deposit only $2 plus postage (3 for $5) with him on this GUARANTEE. Use CHEZ-ELLE for 10 days. If you don't agree that CHEZ-ELLE is the most POWERFUL perfume you ever used, return it and I'll send your $2 right back. Write NOW!

DRAW MEN to YOU with the CHARM of TRYST

DEAR FRIEND: You must have heard of that wonderful perfume of Delilah that was even greater than the strength of Samson. Then YOU know of TRYST, the strange and wonderful perfume that helps you CONTROL MEN and makes them do what YOU want them to.

If YOU want to DRAW MEN to You and BEND them to YOUR will, then you must try the Charm of TRYST. Just send me your name and address. When the postman brings You the Charm of TRYST, deposit only $2 plus postage (3 for $5). Use it YOURSELF for 10 days. If You don't say that the Charm of TRYST is the Most Powerful YOU ever used, I GUARANTEE to send back your $2. Some of your best friends are using the Charm of TRYST now, so send for yours too!

Do YOU want DOUBLE POWER?

DEAR FRIEND: I just found out how to make DIABLO's Secret of DOUBLE POWER. The same Double Power she used when she took a husband away from his wife or a sweetheart away from the arms of his loved one. DIABLO's Secret is one of the MOST POWERFUL perfumes I have ever known. And I know that YOU would like the chance to try it NOW!

So just send me your name and address. When the postman brings you DIABLO's Secret in a plain wrapper, deposit only $2 (3 big bottles for $5) plus postage on our PERSONAL GUARANTEE. Use DIABLO's Secret yourself for 10 days. If you do not Bless Me for sending it to you, I'll send your $2 right back. And you don't have to ask for more than 3 bottles because it lasts a Long Time and is SO POWERFUL.

→ FURY commands and no man can refuse!

DEAR FRIEND: It was in a cafe in Singapore that I first met FURY. She was the most beautiful and exotic woman I have ever known. Men killed each other just for her favors. And when she beckoned, men leaped to obey. For this was the POWER OF FURY, and no man dared to refuse her.

And so I blended an exotic perfume called FURY. I called it FURY because it captures the great POWER OVER MEN that FURY had. And like that exotic dancer, Fury commands, and men leap to obey because they fear FURY.

If YOU would like to try the exotic POWER of FURY, just send me your name and address. When the postman delivers FURY, deposit only $2 plus postage with him (3 for $5) on My GUARANTEE. Try the POWER of FURY for only 10 days. If you are not satisfied, I'll send your $2 back. But please use FURY carefully, it is very powerful.

Do YOU want to MARRY NOW?

YOU must have heard of certain perfumes that have an almost Magic-like POWER OVER MEN? LOVESCENT is one of these perfumes. YOU should use YOUR POWER to MAKE HIM MARRY YOU! So send for your LOVESCENT today, NOW! Because LOVESCENT is so very carefully and delicately blended to BRING TOGETHER two loving hearts for ever and ever.

Send me your name and address only. When the postman brings LOVESCENT, our COMPELLING perfume, deposit $2 plus postage (3 for $5) on my GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, I will send your $2 right back. You must be THRILLED with the POWER that makes LOVESCENT what you want. Send NOW and I will RUSH it to YOU.

Can YOU make STRONG Men WEAK?

Do YOU dream of THRILLING moments of LOVE and ECSTACY? They CAN be YOURS, if you only LEARN HOW to induce the man you love to love only YOU. Place a little BLUE PASSION on the palms of your hands and behind your ears. Do this for a week and watch the way BLUE PASSION works for YOU! Let BLUE PASSION help bring him into your arms for NOW and FOREVER. Just send me your name and address. When the postman brings BLUE PASSION, deposit only $2 plus postage (3 for $5). Use BLUE PASSION as directed for 10 days. If you are not delighted, I will return your $2. Send NOW for BLUE PASSION

Do People Talk About YOU?

DEAR FRIEND: Are You alone? Unhappy? Discouraged? Are YOU a girl who just can't seem to find the RIGHT man? An unhappy girl I know told me how wonderful life is since she started using Friendly GOSSIP. She's not alone and unhappy any more! Another girl swears that Friendly GOSSIP helped bring her SUCCESS and her own TRUE LOVER. Let me RUSH a trial bottle of Friendly GOSSIP to YOU. Just send me your name and address. When the postman brings Friendly GOSSIP, deposit only $2 plus postage (3 for $5) on my GUARANTEE. Use it for 10 days and if you don't think that it is exactly what you want, I'll send your $2 back. Don't YOU be the unhappy girl they talk about. Send NOW for Friendly GOSSIP Perfume

Are YOU Unhappy?

A happily married woman once told me, "All my life I dreamed that someday I would find a perfume that could raise a man's ardor. I wanted a passionate, pulse-stirring, maddening perfume that would make him put me into his arms and say to me over and over again, 'I love you, I love only YOU.' I searched everywhere for this wicked perfume because I knew it would be hard to find. I found that perfume when I first found MANTRAP, and I have been happy ever since." If you have the courage to try MANTRAP send me your name and address on the Order Card. When it comes pay postman only $2 plus postage (3 bottles for $5). If not satisfied, I will return your $2. Accept no imitations. This is Genuine MANTRAP. Send NOW!

FREE GIFT • USE THIS COUPON

Trulove 58 Walker St., New York 13, Dpt. 125-A

Please send me the goods I am ordering. I will pay postman when my package is delivered.

NAME.....
(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE CLEARLY)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

HOW MANY	CAT. NO.	ARTICLE	PRICE $	¢
	248	DIABLO'S SECRET Perfume		
	147	BLUE PASSION Perfume		
	317	GOSSIP Perfume		
	186	MANTRAP Perfume		
	249	TRYST Perfume		
	146	LOVESCENT Perfume		
	228	FURY Perfume		
	211	CHEZ-ELLE Perfume		

TOTAL $.....

☐ Check here if you would like a SPECIAL FREE GIFT for sending money Now.

SPECIAL...
INTRODUCTORY OFFER
to Readers of AVON Comics

ALL-IN-ONE CIGARETTE LIGHTER and FULL-PACK CASE Personalized with Your Name

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Only $1.98
Your Name Engraved in 23 Karat Gold without Extra Cost

NEW! IMPROVED!

All-in-One Cigarette Lighter and Full-Pack Case gives you a cigarette and a light—BOTH at the same time! Smart, streamlined and modern. This wonderful convenience is compact . . . fits easily in your pocket or purse. No more tobacco crumbs. No more bent or damp cigarettes. Insures lasting freshness. Deep well lighter holds an amazingly large supply of fluid. Built for lifetime service of beautiful mottled plastic. Only lighter case with hinged lid. Opens with a snap of your finger. Your name engraved on case in 23 Karat gold letters. An ideal gift for men or women. Order Now.

MAY I PLEASE HAVE A CIGARETTE, JOHN?
SURE — THEY'RE HERE SOMEPLACE
WHY — THEY'RE ALL BENT!
GOSH, NOW I CAN'T FIND A MATCH!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CASE AND LIGHTER!
MAY I HELP?
HAVE A CIGARETTE AND A LIGHT
HEY! WHERE CAN I GET A COMBINATION CASE AND LIGHTER LIKE THAT?
I'LL GET ONE, TOO. WHAT A MAN!
JUST SEND A COUPON TO H&S SALES IN CHICAGO!

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

SEND NO MONEY
Use 10 Days At Our Risk

Just mail name and address for trial inspection and approval. On arrival deposit $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Use 10 days. If not delighted return for refund of purchase price. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

EXTRA FOR PROMPT ACTION... If you order now, we will engrave any name in 23 Karat gold without extra cost. Order now for yourself or as a gift for someone else.

H. & S. SALES CO.
Dept. 124 - 1665 Milwaukee Ave. - Chicago 47, Ill.

H. & S. SALES CO., Dept. 124
1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Please rush combination cigarette case and lighter. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival. I may return in 10 days for refund of purchase price if not delighted. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

NAME TO BE ENGRAVED _____
(Print Plainly)

BE A SUCCESS AS A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

EXTRA PAY IN ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE

If you expect to go into military service, mail coupon NOW. Knowing Radio, TV, Electronics can help you get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty or pay up to several times a private's base pay. You are also prepared for good Radio-TV jobs when honorably civilian. IT'S SMART TO LEARN WITH N. R. I. NOW. Mail Coupon TODAY.

I TRAINED THESE MEN

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

I Will Train You at Home

Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications with Many Kits of Parts You Get!

YOU BUILD this modern Radio shown as part of my servicing course. Build, learn, use professional Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. It's a thrill you'll like the Radio game. . . . testers, tools, chassis, loudspeaker, cabinet. Then, using PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE you build, you learn how to get practical Radio servicing experience. Radio knowledge means being boss in your own shop—or fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

YOU MEASURE electricity voltage, A.C. and D.C. currents and resistance in Ohm's Law with Electronic Multimeter you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, YOU BUILD parts of Radio this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures for broadcast or two-way station operation, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter below. As my Communications Course with parts I send you, this is an important instrument of operation and radio laboratory experiments. You conduct many fascinating experiments.

Keep your job while training at home. Many thrilled I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Many had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons, get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multimeter for conducting tests, also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitter—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. All are a just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

Mail Coupon For 2 Books FREE

An hour's time for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on penny postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 1NN3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th year.

Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1NN3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page book about How to Be a Success in Radio-Television, both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Approved Under G. I. Bill

FEB-MAR 1952 25¢

DARN IT! I'M TIRED OF BEING A SKINNY SCARECROW. CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN MAKE ME A NEW MAN! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK
LATER
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. WHAT A BUILD. NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY.
HERE'S A LOVE-TAP— FROM THAT "BAG OF BONES," REMEMBER?
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL HE-MAN, AFTER ALL.
WHAT A MAN
AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system, "*Dynamic Tension*." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "*Dynamic Tension*" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "*Dynamic Tension*" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for $1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: *Charles Atlas, Dept. 132M, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.*

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 132M,
115 East 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.

Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____